Is a danger signal and should not be neglected. Take Dr Bell's Pine Tar. Honoy at once. It allays inflom mation stops the cough and nea's he membrances.

THE FOURTH **ESTATE**

Novelizea by

FREDERICK R. TOOMBS

From the Great Play of the Same Name by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

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"What's his name"

"Wherier Brand."

"Wirm and he resign for?" "Some of the big advertisers forced him to." admitted McHenry calmly.

A ions of understanding flitted across Nulan's face. He shifted his glance from McHenry to Dupuy. Then, with a significant smile, he said:

"I see you are still on the job. Ed Dupuy."

byist defiantly. But Nolan would not blindingly into the head of the young listen to him. Thoughts vastly more reporter when he swung around, important than conjecture as to Du- grasped Brand's arm, drew him over puy's motives now crowded his brain. to the managing editor's chair, beside sternly of McHenry.

"I think he is in the local room now. sir," pointing to the door at his left.

The new proprietor strode impulsively to the doorway and called at the the chair. "From now on you sit "Wheeler Brand! Wheeler Brand!"

. . . .

As he had hurried from the managing editor's room after his dismissal from the Advance Wheeler Brand struggled valiantly against a wave of discouragement that assailed him and for a moment or two threatened to In these months Brand made a showing overwhelm. "Discharged for 'beating' the town on the story of the year," he ed of by the owners preceding as being muttered. "Well, I'll try to get on within the range of possibility. Made across the street." he concluded, absolute master of the paper and con-"across the street" meaning the Guardian, the bitter rival of the Advance. He went to one of the long oak tables rivals found difficult to equal, much in the city room, where he seated himself next to Higgins, the leading scandals in the exclusive world of police reporter of the paper, and be- high life insurance finance has thus gan nervously to finish the story of a far proved the most vital reform of new bank merger on which he had his administration. As a result of this been working when summoned by Mc- crusade, which drove a half dozen Henry. When he finished he laid the leading officials from almost as many pages of copy on the city editor's desk. He dragged a chair to a window, sat States stated publicly that "the vast down and gazed meedly down at the life insurance business of this country crowds of people hurrying along the is now on the soundest financial basis

It was not his dismissal from the But Wheeler Brand in the press of staff which chiefly concerned him. He stirring events had not forgotten Judge | good." was certain of obtaining another posi- Bartelmy. In fact, certain activities of tion. In fact, his reputation along that estimable individual were just Newspaper row was such, and he felt justifiable pride at the thought, time reporter, who, if he could be prethat he would be at work within twen-

to tallitates after leaving the Advance live if he so desired. But what did occupy his mind to the exclusion of almost everything else was the considecation of what view Judith Bartelmy would take when she heard the news of his dismissal. She had warned him that he was sacrificing his future in his attacks on the powers that be. Undoubtedly now she would be convinced, as some of his friends had aiready endeavored to convince her, that, after all, he was a fanatic, an Impractical dreamer, who could not accomptish his ambition to right what he believed to be great wrongs, who could not, moreover, escape summary dismissal from his paper. But he must go on. He would go on. He would go that very night to a newspaper that would not suppress nor qualify the truth, one that would not distort facts nor misrepresent a sitnation in order to deceive the public, to which it was its duty to give the truth. Yes, and he would show the big theres of the city that even if they menuged to remain superior to the law at least they could not remain superfor to public opinion. The time

"Wheeler Brand! Wheeler Brand!" The volce of Notah came to his ears above the ticking of the telegraph instruments and the elicking of typewriter Loys. Brand started from his seat. He did not recognize the voice. nor did any one else in the smoky city room, as corious upraised faces around him testified. It came from the managing editor's room, however, so he hastened to respond, wondering what |

it round mean. Brand entered McHenry's office and faced the three men, his surprise increasing as he saw from the attitudes of Mellerry and Dupuy that a huge, rawhound, brouzed faced stranger apparents; dominated the situation.

"Yes?" said Brand inquiringly to the stranger, whom he placed as the owner of the voice, because he knew It had not been McHenry's or Dupuy's.

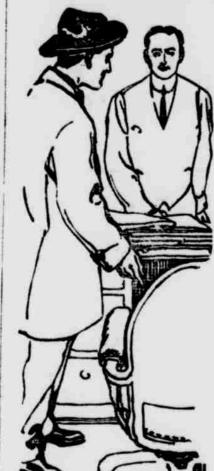
"I am Nolan, the new owner," greet-

ed the stranger. Brand stepped forward and offered

his hand, which Nolan grasped, "How do you do. Mr. Nolan?" the reporter prected him, endeavoring to agure just what the mysterious proceeding percended.

Notan went straight to the point. "So you've been fired for that Bartelmy article, have you?" he asked. "Yes, sir."

Nolan turned and shot a triumphant plare at McHenry and Dupuy. Then



"From now on you sit here."

"Well, it's business" - began the lob- be caused the blood to rush almost "Where is Brand now?" he asked which that official was standing, and said. "Well, I've got another job for you." Nolan put both hands on Brand's shoulders and by main strength forced him down heavily into pitch of his powerful voice: here," he announced. "You're managing editor now."

CHAPTER V.

YEAR passed since the event-

ful night for Wheeler Brand when Nolan made him managing editor of the Advance. with the paper that was never dreamsequently dictator of its policy, the young man set a pace that the paper's less to outstrip. His exposure of the companies, the president of the United it has ever bad."

now under close scrutiny by the one tailed on to speak concerning it. agat possibly observe that the judge was very soon to have an opportunity to make a few explanations which would be received with undoubted interest by the public. The young editor's suit for the hand of Judith Bartelmy might be said, since we are dealing with a judge's family, to be in statu quo. She was still waiting for him "to become sane," as she had expressed herself to him. A girl of lofty principles and of decided strength of character, she could not see his duty from his viewpoint. Perhaps it was all quite natural, quite womanty, quite daughterly, that she should subscribe absolutely to her father's side in the momentous case of "JUDGE BAR-TELLIY VERSUS THE PEOPLE. WHEELER BRAND AND THE AD-VANCE."

She was loyal to her father, and she was trying to be loyal to her lover, and the task was becoming more and more difficult. Yet she waited, and Wheeler Brand waited, and each prayed that the other would end the ordeal

and heal two breaking hearts. Today we find Wheeler Brand proceeding toward the inxurious Notan home on a fashionable residential thoroughfare to visit the proprietor of the paper to hand him a statement of the Advance's progress, to discuss matters of editorial policy and to conter regarding a certain development conerning Judge Barretmy.

At the Notan home a reception had een announced, hundreds of invitaions sent out, but the responses did not encourage Mrs. Nolan in her so-

cial aspirations. Society passed her That was the whole story in brief. Society, as usual, was ever so auch pleased with itself and was too busy to include Mrs. Nolan, Phyllis and Sylvester in his diversions. The husband and father cared very little for society, had no time for it, but he fondly loved the courageous, warm hearted woman who had un omphiningly shared with him the operous hardships of his early days, and it was his desire to gratify her ambitions as well as those of his daughter. The fortune he had plucked from Nevada's flinty bosom enabled him to be generous, and he smiled approvingly on every new extravagance of Mrs. Michael Nolan. Therefore if she was socially ambitious she must have her way and be allowed to carry on her campaign for recognition in whatever fashion she chose. Certainly the home he had established was a fitting vantage ground from which to wage a war of dollars against the precipitous embattlements with which the city's Four Hundred

had encircled its camp, Palatiat in

size, the Nolan residence was equally palatial in its furnishings, and only the magic word from the magic lips of a single member of the magic realm of "the aristocracy" was necessary to send monogrammed coaches in long lines to the Nolan doors, to fill the costly rooms with distinguished faces, to all to overflowing with happiness the vearning heart of Mrs. Michael Nolan. But the word had not yet been spo-

It was now late in the afternoon at the Nolan home. Phyllis walked across the drawing room, irritation plainty marking her pretty pink and white face. The music of a string orchestra stationed in the conservatory ceased. She addressed a servant who stood at attention at a door at the right which led to the dining room.

"Pitcher," she said discouragedly, "I don't think any one eise will come, so tell the musicians they can go."

"Yes, Miss Phytlis." At this point Mrs. Nolan came storm ing in, carrying a huge bunch of hot-

house grapes in her hand. "Pitcher, I noticed those caterer men are drinking all the champagne, and I

want it stopped," she ordered loudly. Pitcher bowed and went out. "If our guests won't come here to drink it, at least we will drink it our-

selves," Mrs. Nolan announced to Phyl-"Well, we have done it-sent out 400 cards, and who's been here that anybody wants to see? This is the second time we've gone to all this trouble and expense for nothing and nobody, and if you'll take my advice it will be the last."

"Mamma, Pitcher will hear," the girl protested.

The mother bit a grape from the bunch. She deposited the skin and stones in a Sevres vase on the marble mantel.

"Phyllis, what did you have to pay that musician'" she asked. "Well, his price is a thousand dollars.

"Good gracious!" "But I get him for \$750. I promised the Advance would help him."

"Seven lifty for playing twice. I'd rather bear the band." Mrs. Nolan bit off another grape.

"You don't understand, mamma. Everybody's wild over that violinist." "It seems there wasn't nobody wild

enough to come here." "There wasn't 'anybody.' " spoke Phyllis, correcting her mother.

"Well, was there?" retorted the mother as she dropped the grape skin in another vase.

"Oh, dear." Phyllis wailed disconsolately as she seated herself before a small stand, "don't rub it in, mamma! I can't help it."

"Now, who's blaming you, child?" consoled the mother. "There, don't ery. I'm not so disappointed about myself, but I can't bear to see you snubbed right and left. You are good enough to go with any of these people. and you shall too. It's that newspaper that's at the bottom of it. People won't have it, or us because of it, and I mean to tell your father so too. And that's why these 'at homes' is no

'Are no good, mamma," tearfully, "Well, are they? It would have been better to put your \$750 into suffra retting. That's what gets you in with the right people-not that I care to ... but I don't want the men to say

can't." Sylvester Dolan interrupted the conorsation between mother and daughr by appearing before them with his bosom friend, Max Powell, who befieved himself to have the makings of master poet. It was with deepest pride that the Nolan son presented

Powell, long baired, sallow faced and seedily dressed, to his mother and sister. Sallow faced? Indeed, his countenance had that sickly greenish yellow bue that comes from long devertising as last year at this time."

"Nabody was wild enough to come here."

vouring of the muses and long abstinence from the devouring of food. "Hello, mamma!" he cried enthusiastically. "Here's a friend of mine J want you to know-Mr. Powell, the

"How do you do. Mr. Powell? You look as if it would be easy for you to write poetry. Do you know, poetry just sets me wild!"

Sylvester patted Powell on the back. Well, this ind's going to make a big noise in poetry some day. you must have heard of Powell. My

sister, old man!" "Won't you have a cup of tea. Mr. Powell?" invited Mrs. Nolau, visibly impressed by the presence of a poet at her home.

Powell started confusedly to utter his thanks. He did not seem overfelighted at the offer.

Sylvester saw the difficulty. "Tea!" he exclaimed. "Absinth for Powell!" Mrs. Nolan expressed her regret at

not having any absinth and left the room, followed by Phyllis, to arrange for something for Powell to eat. "Poor fellow! He looks hungry," she whispered to Phyllis,

Sylvester caught the poet by the

"One minute, Powow," he cautioned. Be sure you don't mention anything to the folks about my little actress friend. I don't want them to know that I am going to take a crack at uplifting the stage. The little girl will be all right. She'll just make your libretto hum. She'll fill it with personality. Build up all those weak places. You know, Powow, there are Where's that poem for her? some. Finished vet?"

"Yes, it's here somewhere," fumbling in a pocket. "Have you made it amorous for the

little girly" "Judge for yourself. Of course I tried to write in your vein as well as I could, so that there would be no doubt to the

authorship." Sylvester read the lines:

Oh, Gueneviere, how sweet my dear! My spirit soars in dreams denied Worlds beyond worlds with thee, my

"I don't like that much." he announced when he had finished. "Bride! Is it necessary to put that in writing? Besides, it don't sound as if I wrote it. Now, does it. Powow, old chap? Fess up."

"I hope it doesn't sound as if I wrote

"I thought you'd see it. Now, change that and it's a knockout drop. Can't you change it

now? And I'll tle girl tonight on a bed of orchids. Make it something beginning with 'ruby lips'-you know the sort of guff -and then here and there 'eyes of delight, something on that order. Powell sat and

wrote for a few minutes, "Here." be finally said. Ruby, ruby-rougey Sylvester glanclips!

ed over the shoulder of the rising young genius, who read aloud these inspiring words: So bright and beaming are thine eyes

Thy hair so like the dusky night, kiss so vibrant with delight, I thrill unto my finger tips.

ruby, ruby-rougey Ilps Powell literally writhed in agony as re listened to the doggerel.

"It's great" cried Sylvester ecstatic-.lly. "And now come get your tea. Gee, I'd like to take a crack at being

a poet!" The two conspirators hurried into the dining room as Wheeler Brand and the owner of the Advance came

into the drawing room, 'You're right, Wheeler: you're right." Nolan was saying. "This is a better showing than I hoped for. Look in your stocking next Christmas. There'll be something for you. When I got into the newspaper business, Brand, they told me it was the beginning of my finish, that it sucked ten fortunes down for every one it built and no middle aged man ever went into it and came out again without teeth marks all over him. But look at that." He held up a typewritten statement. "I'm richer for going in twice as much ad-

Nolan seated himself on a settee. The big advertisers never pull their ads, so long as they are getting returns from them," put in Brand. "Look at Dupuy, Remember how be threatened us and how his clients took their ads, out for two months?"

"Yes, but they put them back again." "Why? Because they need more than we need them," Brand laughed. "Well, he's got something eise up his sleeve now," remarked Nolan, "He

telephoned that he would come to see me this afternoon." "Are you going to see him?" Brand

isked curiously. "I thought I might as well. He'll be here. Maybe he wants to fire you again," The newspaper owner looked

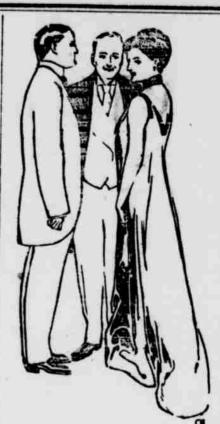
up at Brand and laughed heartily. Mrs. Notan and Phyllis re-entered the drawing room, and Brand became he especial object of their attentions,

The mother desired to have him print the list of her invited guests who had never attended the reception. Phyllis requested him to print a story about the violinist and was vastly annoyed when Brand informed her musical editor to attend to

"I hope it won't happen again," remarked Phyllis indigmently.

"Yes, and the way it's handling this Loris divorce case is all wrong," snapped Mrs. Nolan. "I know Mrs. Loris. She is no better than she should be, and people who live in icehouses tears. "Come on, Physics" she manshouldn't throw bot water" aged to say, and the heartbroken

"he have no policy in the Loris



People who live in icehouses shouldn't throw hot water."

case," remarked Brand in defense. "We merely print the facts."

"Facts;" Mrs. Nolan cried. "That paper upsets me for the whole day every morning."

"There now, mother; I guess the paper's all right," ventured Nolan sooth-

ingly. "You've got another guess, Michael. Nobody reads it but shopgirls, who spend a penny for the Advance and another for a stick of gum and hang on to a strap with one hand and the Advance with the other while they're waggling their jaws all the way down to work. That's all that reads it!" She paused for breath, then went on, "And I must say I think it's scandalous the way you attack Judge Bar-

telmy every little while." "Yes," contributed Phyllis, "and his send it to the lit- daughter's one of the most exclusive and sought after girls in New York. She's the only one of her set who has been at all nice to me. Isn't that so, mamma?"

"Yes, and why the paper should go for her father just as it does for every other prominent man in town I can't see. She must think it's very funny that such things should appear like night, full in the Advance after what she's done for us."

"Oh," suggested Brand, thinking to soothe his employer's wife, "she probably knows that you have absolutely nothing to do with the policy of the Advance."

"Is that so?" ejaculated Mrs. Nolan indignantly. "They certainly are very kind hearted people to act the way they do in the face of that paper."

"Judge Bartelmy is first and last a politician," explained Brand. Michael Nolan bent forward intently.

The conversation had now reached a point where he realized an issue of vital importance to himself and to the Advance had been touched on.

"Well I emprese he has been coddling up to us a little," he began, then paused.

Brand drew a deep breath, stood up erect in the middle of the drawing room and daringly explained the situation to the owner of the paper.

"Bartelmy handles people better than any man in town," he declared. "He has studied the Advance, dissected its position and-I will be frank with you-discovered its weaknesses. He knows he can't reach you through your empidity or political ambition because you lack those qualities. He now realizes that his only hope of influencing us lies in an appeal to"- He hesitated.

Well?" asked Mrs. Nolan ominously. Brand found the courage to complete

the sentence. "His only hope lies in an appeal-to your family's social desires" - Phyllis rose from her seat, her cheeks red with anger-"and that's the only reason he has for taking you up,"

Mrs. Nolan gave a scream of wrath. Nolan himself, regretting that the unpleasant scene had occurred, rose from the settee and advanced to calm the cutlled waters, but his face was clouded. Its serious expression indicated that he was deeply concerned over the frank statements of his managing editor, and one could instinctively feel that he was convinced that Brand had spoken the truth,

CHAPTER VI.

OLAN faced Brand. "Come, come, Wheeler," he

sold. 'Let's drop the subject now."

"Mr. Brand, you are forgetting your place," contributed Phyllis.

"Michael," insisted Mrs. Nolan, "are you going to let this young man ruin the whole of us? I, for one, am glad Judge Bartelmy has taken us up, and if it wasn't for the way Mr. Brand runs wild with that paper"-her voice broke-"others might." She crossed that the subject was a matter for the to the door at the left. "Here we've squandered money right and left and "And there's something else, Mr. hobody would have anything to do Brand." A look of despair came into with us. I dectare I was happier Brand's face, "Phyttis went to Miss poor, At least when I asked anybody Bartelmy's musicale the other day, to eat then they came. Look at that and you didn't even include ner name table in there"-she pointed-"grounamong those present," the mother said, ing with good things to eat, and, phase," "Why, I'm sorry. That was an over- there's \$100 for hothouse grapes, and sight, I assure you. I suppose they nobody's touched 'em?" She picked Wheele made up the usual list in the office." up a bunch of grapes from a stand rising. and began to eat them.

> "Mother," laughed the husband good naturedly, "I've seen you get away with three bunches all by yourself." "Well, I felt it was my duty not to let them go to waste." She burst into

mother and daughter went from the

"You mustn't mind what mother says," Nolan said to Brand. "She's been kind o' lonely since she came back to New York."

The editor's heart swelled with sympathy for the woman whose ambitions for herself and her daughter had caused the bitterest pain that injured pride can give. He saw that it would be difficult for her to learn that social position in a big city can be won only by skillful maneuvering, the ability to do which Mrs. Nolan apparently did not possess.

"Oh, I understand!" be answered

feelingly. Brand and Nolan went into the li brary to smoke. Hardly had they disappeared when Pitcher entered the drawing room as an escort for Judge Bartelmy and his daughter Judith. Brand had not erred a few minutes previous when in the same room he had pronounced the judge to be the best "handler of people" in the city. The conversation which ensued between the jurist and his daughter as they awaited their hostess well illustrated his reasons for accepting, with his daughter, Mrs. Nolan's invitation When Pitcher had gone in search or Mrs. Nolan it was the girl who first spoke.

"Father," she said, "I want you to know that I've been to five tens this



"This doesn't come under the head of social duties.

afternoon. I'm doing you a great favor to come to this one." "Yes, my dear: I appreciate it, but

social luties".

The girl laughed shortly. "Now, this doesn't come under the head of social duties."

"Oh, yes," the judge answered quickly, "if you view society in its broader sense. Beyond your little world is a larger one where easte is of small consequence and where all men

should be of service to each other." "But the Nolans-they certainly haven't been of service to you?" quesdoned the girl.

He glanced sharply at Judith. "But I wish them to be, and we're getting on-we're getting op."

"Their paper keeps going for you just as much as ever, father. I don't suppose one ought to mind i but I

"Judith, Nolans have lived & every age in every country," pronounced the jurist. "He's a composite of anarchist and autocrat. Eventually the autocrat in him will triumph. Just now he's hourding old institutions. I, for instance, represent to him the judiciary, and he attacks me. No consequence whatever, but I'm here in defense of the United States bench. My cause is the cause of my coneagues. I tell you, Judith, I know the breed, I know how to get the venom out of his fangs. Di-

plomacy, my dear-diplomacy!" Judith became enthusiastic. "Father, I believe you would have been a great prime minister in the old

days!" The judge straightened up, smiling pleasedly at his daughter's complimentary estimate of him. "Hardly that, hardly that," he protested. He became reflective. "They were feeble old men, for a thousand years courteously moving kings and their armies like pawns on a chessboard. They were always very tactful, Judith, those princes of

the past." "Oh," she admitted, "you never fail to illustrate your point, whatever it

"Just imagine," said her father, what one of those old fellows would

do in this case." "Yes, I suppose you're right, and in the end you'll make these people see

how wrong they've Leen about you." "Oh, yes!" he went on confidently. "As they become accustomed to their prosperity you will find that the demogogism of their paper will be modified and ultimately vanish." He seat-

ed himself near his daughter. "That would be a terrible blow for Wheeler, wouldn't it?" she suddenly

asked. "Wheeler! Oh, Wheeler! He's an entirely different type-the idealist, the fanatical idealist. I'm sorry, I always liked the boy. His heart's all right, but his head's all wrong, and I hope he's merely passing through a

"I don't think you quite understand Wheeler, father," responded Judith,

He took hold of the girl's hands. "Oh, yes, I do! Just now he has lost himself in a labyrinth, and it will take an Ariadne to lead him out. I believe

the right woman might bring him to [CONTINUED.]